

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer;
Heyre to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That with'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake, wore the detested blor
Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curses vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this subtil King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vnjust behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe Richard, that sweet louely Rose,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker Bullingbrooke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?
No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Revenge the geering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say—

Nor. Peace Cousin, say no more.

And now I will vnclasp a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyning Discontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So Honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more stirres
To rowe a Lyon, then to start a Hare.

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heauen, me thinks it were an easie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities:

But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship.

Nor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend:
Good Cousin giue me audience for a while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Nor. Those same Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.

By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them:

No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not.

Ile keepe them, by this Hand.

Nor. You start away,
And lend no eare vnto my purposes.

Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:

He said, he would not ransom Mortimer:

Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer.

But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,

And in his eare, Ile holla Mortimer.

Nay, Ile haue a Startling shall be taught to speake

Nothing but Mortimer; and giue it him,

To keepe his anger still in motion.

Nor. Heare you Cousin: a word.

Hot. All studies heere I solemnly desie,

Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,

And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.

But that I thinke his Father loues him not,

And would be glad he met with some mischance,

I would haue poyson'd him with a pot of Ale.

Nor. Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you

When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a Waife-tongu'd & impatient foole

Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,

Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,

Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare

Of this vile Politician Bullingbrooke.

In Richards time: What de'ye call the place?

A plague vpon't, it is in Gloucestershire:

'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,

His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee

Vnto this King of Smiles, this Bullingbrooke:

When you and he came backe from Ravenspurgh.

Nor. At Barkley Castle.

Hot. You say true:

Why what a caudie deale of curtesie,

This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,

Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,

And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde Cousin:

O, the Diuell take such Couzeners, God forgive me,

Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.

Nor. Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,

Wee'l stay your leysure.

Hot. I haue done insooth.

Nor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners,

Deliuere them vp without their ransome straight,

And make the Douglas sonne your onely meane

For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd

Will easily be granted you, my Lord.

Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl y'd,

Shall secretly into the bosome creepe

Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd,

The Archbishop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?

Nor. True, who beares hard

His Brothers death at Briflow, the Lord Scroope.

I speake not this in estimation,

As what I thinke might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,

And onely staves but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it:

Vpon my life, it will do wondrous well.

Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choofe but be a Noble plot,

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke

To ioyne with Mortimer, Ha:

Nor. And so they shall.

Hot. Infait it is exceedingly well aynd'd.

Nor. 'Tis no little reason bids vs speed.

Hot. Our heads, by raising of a Head:

For, beare our selues as euen as we can,

The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt.

And thinke, we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.

And see already, how he doth beginne

To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot. He does, he does; wee'l be reueng'd on him.

Nor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,

Then I by Letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, which will be sodainly:

Ile steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,

Where you, and Douglas, and our powres at once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,

To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,

Which now we hold at much vn certainty.

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be short,

Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be

hang'd. Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet

our horse not packt. What Ostler?

Of. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few

Flockes in the point: the poore Iade is wrung in the wi-

thers, out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog,

and this is the next way to giue poore Iades the Boates:

This house is turned vp side downe since Robin the Ostler

died.

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer ioy'd since the price of oats

role, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this is the most villanous house in al

London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Chri-

stendome, could be better bit, then I haue bene since the

first Cocke.

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Tourden, and

then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lie

breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd: come

away.

2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of

Ginger, to be deliuered as fast as Charing-crosse.

1. Car. The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued.

What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in

thy head? Can't thou heare? And 'twere not as good a

deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee. I am a very Vil-

laine. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

1. Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanterne to see my Gel-

ding in the stable.

1. Car. Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two

of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. Car. I, when, canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne

(quoth a) marry Ile see thee hang'd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come

to London?

2. Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I

warrant thee. Come neighbour Muggers, wee'll call vp

the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they

haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire as at hand quoth the Cham-

berlaine: For thou variest no more from picking of Pur-

ses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou

lay'st the plot, how?

Cham. Good-morrow Master Gads-hill, it holds cur-

rant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the

wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with

him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his godpishy last

night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abun-

dance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp al-

ready, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away

presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarke,

Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prythee keep that for the

Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S. Nicholas as tru-

ly as a man of falshood may worship S. Nicholas.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I

hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang,

old Sir Iohn hangs with mee, and thou know'st hee's no

Scarueling. Tut, there are other Troians that I dream't

not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the

Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee

look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole.

I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe

fix-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-

h'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquillie;

Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can holde in,

(such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner

then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I lye,

for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Common-

wealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for

they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will

she hold our water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will; Iustice hath liquor'd her. We

steale as in a Castle, cocksure: we haue the receipt of Fern-

seede, we walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding

to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking in-

uisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand.

Thou shalt haue a share in our purpose.

As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a false

Theefe.

Gad. Goetoo: Homo is a common name to all men.

Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Fare-

well, ye muddy Knaue.